THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IV.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, September* 12, 1807. [No. 11.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

CRITICISM.

For The Port Folio.

ON THE LATIN POETRY OF GRAY.

OF Mr. Gray it has been remarked, that *he was perhaps the most learned man of Europe.* This expression refers more expressly to the great extent of his knowledge; but under this general description is to be ranked that intimate knowledge of the Latin tongue which enabled him to write such poems in that idiom as have obtained a very high reputation. In this department, he is classed with Milton and those few other names which are allowed to stand upon commanding ground. His Sapphick and Alcaick Odes, addressed to Mr. West, his fragments De Principiis Cogitandi, and of an Heroick Epistle from Sophonisba to Massinissa, his Elegiack Verses occasioned by the sight of the Plains where the battle of Trebiæ was fought, his translation of a Sonnet by Buondelmonte, and his farewell to Florence, are monuments of his genius for Latin verse. The following Alcaick fragment has been thought so happily executed, as that the best critick might be deceived into a belief of antiquity:

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

Three other of the Latin compositions of Gray remain to be mentioned. His Alcaick Ode, written in the Album of the Grand Chartreuse; his description of the sudden rising of Monte Nuovo, near Puzzoli, and of the destruction which attended; and his Latin verses on the death of his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, printed in the Cambridge Collection, and to be found only in one edition of his works. Of the two first what follows are translations:

DESCRIPTION

Of the Sudden Rising of Monte Nuovo, near Puzzoli, and of the Destruction which attended it.

No more the plough is seen to break the soil,
Or fruitful fields to crown the peasant's toil;
No more is heard the peasant's tuneful lay,
Or tuneful birds to hail the rising day:
So wide is spread a face of ruin o'er!
And oft the cautious seaman from the shore
Averts his slender bark, avoids the strand,
And pointing shows the inauspicious land;
Relates the horrours of the fatal night,
And all the dreary landscape rises to the sight.

Still rough with stones appears the mountain's head,
His former flames extinct, his terrours fled;
Whether the sulphurous rivers which supplied
Of old his bowels with a constant tide,
By time exhausted, with a fiery store
Suffice at length to feed the flames no more;
Or whether, while the ruin seems to sleep,
He hoards fresh matter in his caverns deep,
Prepar'd (tremendous thought!) with doubled rage,

To spread destruction in a future age.

The face of Nature now is chang'd around,
The hills appear with whit'ning olives crown'd;
And Bacchus, who so long the coast had fled,
Again delights to rear his festive head;
With trembling steps resumes his former stand,
And clothes once more with blushing vines the land.

The Alcaick Ode, written in the Album of the Grand Chartreuse, has been thus imitated by a gentleman of Sunderland, in Great Britain:

Oh tu, severi religio loci, &c.

Hear, awful Genius of the solemn grove
(And say what title best can please thine ear;
Those age-struck woods and native rivers prove
No common genius bears dominion here.

The trackless rocks, the mountain's solemn height,
The broken cliff, inviting fell despair;
The deep-brown grove where reigns eternal night,
And sounding waterfalls the god declare,
In glory more than if the citrean beam
And Phidian arts their nicest aid bestow'd;
Or high-wrought gold had shed its richest gleam
To deck the fane of the recumbent god)!

Hear then, dread Genius of the solemn grove!
Now be thy mighty pow'r on me confest,
Propitious to thy suppliant's wishes prove,
And give him to the placid joys of rest;

But if stern Fortune should forbid my flight
To taste the sweets of sacred silence' reign,
Should she recal me from the darling sight,
And dash amid the storms of life again;

At least allow to my declining age
A calm retreat from all the cares of life;
Safe from the busy world's tumultuous rage,
And far beyond the reach of vulgar strife.

The following was sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference to the following passage in Sandy's Travels: "West of Cicero's Villa stands the eminent Gaurus, a stony and desolate mountain, in which there are divers obscure caverns, choked almost with earth, where many have consumed much fruitless industry in searching for treasure: The famous Lucrine Lake extended formerly from Avernus to the aforesaid Gaurus; but it is now no other than a little sedgy plash, choked up by the horrible and astonishing eruption of the new mountain; whereof, as oft as I think, I am easy to credit whatsoever is wonderful. For who here knows not, or who elsewhere will believe, that a mountain should arise (partly out of a lake and partly out of the sea) in one day and a night, in such a height as to contend in altitude with the high mountains adjoining? In the year of our Lord 1538, on the 29th of September, when for certain days foregoing the country hereabout was so vexed with perpetual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had retired two hundred paces from the shore (leaving abundance of fish and springs of fresh water rising in the bottom) this mountain visibly ascended, about the second hour of the night, with an hideous roaring, horribly vomiting stones, and such store of cinders as overwhelmed all the building thereabout, and the salubrious baths of Tripergula, for so many ages celebrated; consumed the vines to ashes, killing birds and beasts: the fearful inhabitants of Puzzoli flying through the dark with their wives and childen; naked, defiled, crying out, and detesting their calamities. Manifold mischiefs have they suffered by the barbarians, yet none like this which Nature inflicted. This new mountain, when newly raised, had a number of issues; at some of them smoking, and sometimes flaming; at others disgorging rivulets of hot waters; keeping within a terrible rumbling; and many miserably perished that ventured to descend into the hollowness above. But that hollow on the top is at present an orchard, and the mountain throughout is bereft of its terrours.—*Sandy's Travels, Book 4, page 275, 277, and 278.*

Of the *Description*, the subjoined English version was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for July, 1775.

Nec procul infelix se tollit in æthera Gaurus, &c.

On the fam'd shore where fierce volcanoes glow,
And overlook the shining deeps below,
Old Gaurus lifts his inauspicious head,
His vines consum'd, and all his honours fled;
So near a new-sprung mountain now abides
Burning his groves and thund'ring at his sides.
For Fame reports of old, while all around
The country lay in solemn silence drown'd,
While rusticks, thoughtless of approaching woes,
Enjoy'd the grateful blessing of repose,
The swelling surges lash the sounding shores,
The lab'ring earth through all her caverns roars,
Loud echoes from the lofty woods rebound,
Fair Naples from her deeps and bay profound,
And dread Vesuvius, tremble at the sound.
Sudden the yawning earth discloses wide
Her dreadful jaws; forth-issuing in a tide,
Black pitchy clouds with bursting flames conspire
To whelm the landscape with a flood of fire.
The beasts are fled; along the pathless waste
The frighted shepherd flies with equal haste,
His ling'ring children calls, and thinks he hears
Their distant footsteps reach his list'ning ears;
Then lonely climbs a rock's stupendous height,
And backward o'er the plain directs his sight,
If still, perchance, to meet his longing eyes,
His much-lov'd woods and humble cottage rise.
No object meets his eyes, unhappy swain!
But dreadful gleams reflected from the main,
The earth beneath with flames of sulphur torn,
And fiery stones in whirling eddies borne.
The storms at length subside, the flames decay,
And op'ning heaven restores the face of day,
When lo! the gath'ring hinds are seen around,
With trembling steps to tread the dreary ground;
In hopes (if yet a slender hope remain)
To trace their dwellings on the desert plain,
Their wives' and wretched sires' remains to mourn,
And decent place within the sacred urn;
(Small consolation granted to their woes,
But all, alas! their hapless state bestows).
Unhappy men, no wives' nor sires' remains
Shall greet your eyes, or mitigate your pains!
For where your peaceful dwellings late were spread,
The new-rais'd mountain rears his ghastly head,
With rocks deform'd and hoary ashes crown'd,
And proud o'erlooks the subject plains around,
With devastation threats the country o'er,
And reigns despotick on the lonely shore.
A name ill-omen'd hence the country gains
And long-neglected lie the barren plains.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

It has been a favourite system with many to attribute the development of learning and the display of genius, which are witnessed in some ages so much more than in others to the influence of particular modes of government. They advance many steps toward making the human mind a mere automaton, which performs certain operations by the application of certain particular powers, a plant that blooms or fades, as it is nurtured by the patronage of some favourable system or crushed by the power of an unpropitious season, directed by no spontaneous springs, and guided by no independent motives of action. "But higher far, and with mysterious reverence do I deem" the celestial gift of genius. A treasure of such countless worth cannot surely be given to man encrusted by an envelope whose removal is subject to casualty or caprice.

With one party of those who hold the opinion alluded to, it has been a favourite principle, that free government was the soil congenial to science. It has been stated that there, uncramped by the fetters of despotism and prejudice, the human mind is at liberty to expand itself into larger extension, to gain new comprehensiveness of views, and new brilliancy and freedom of thoughts. That it is, as it were, freed from a prison, and that it riots and rambles with all the gayety and sportiveness of newly acquired liberty.

Others, on the contrary, have considered monarchical or despotick governments as most advantageous to the interests of literature. In free governments, it is maintained, there is no order of nobility, no class of men aloof from the vulgar, and unconfined by the continual recurrence of neces-

sary labour, who have leisure not only to devote their own time and talents to the cultivation of their minds and to the interests of science, but likewise who are well situated to discern the appearances of merit in others, to elicit and encourage rising talents and reward the exertions of the more matured. In free governments, wealth is the quality which confers preeminence and nobility. Minds, long inured to the slavery and drudgery attendant on the acquisition of wealth, are commonly diverted far from the pleasant paths of Parnassus. In them, therefore, is not the same disposition to encourage literature, as in a hereditary nobility, whose riches, easily obtained, neither cramp and distort the mind in their procurement nor contract it by their possession. In arbitrary governments, literary men are an order of no trifling consideration, and the merchant sinks in the scale of distinction. In free governments, the wealthy man is first on the list of honour. "*Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.*" Such are the reasons, by which the opinion of the superiour advantages of arbitrary governments to literature is supported.

In this question, literature must be considered in two different points of views. When we speak of promoting literary interests, we may be understood to intend either the general diffusion of information among all classes; or the exertions of particular individuals in the cause of science who possess uncommon talents, and advance to uncommon degrees of perfection. By the latter literature is advanced and perfected, by the former it is rendered useful and practical.

The general diffusion of information, and the advancement of a literary taste among the lower class of mankind may be considered as promoted by the influence of popular governments. In those states, the people rise into importance, their views are elevated and expanded. Sensible of the dignity of their mental powers, they turn their attention (in some measure) to their cultivation and improvement. The system of education is generalized, and all the orders and ranks of people are permitted, in some measure, to share its advantages. It is no longer a canal in the gardens of a great man, who enjoys it solely and exclusively; but a stream that invites the poor as well as the rich, to bathe in its pure currents, or to partake the luxuriance and verdure which beautify its banks. The opposite to a free government is, upon these principles, opposed to general information. For, it is certain, that while it is the interest of government to darken the minds of the populace (and this, in arbitrary governments, is undoubtedly the case) so long are science, improvement and literary taste at a stand.

There is another point of view in which literature may be regarded, where the effects of government are not precisely similar to tho e already considered. Individual genius, the exertion of mind above the common level, is but little dependent on the mode of government, or other external circumstances. If any particular political system is peculiarly advantageous, it is, perhaps, the monarchical, where, in some few instances, the spirit of Mæcenas has revived in his successour. But a Mæcenas will not produce a Virgil. It is the glory of genius, to possess universally that firmness and noble self-confidence which will support it, though chilled by poverty, or crushed by the oppressor. It is too often found, that the indulgence and luxury of splendid encouragement serves to effeminate, or if not, to turn that talent into the channel of adulation, which was bestowed for other purposes; and it is true, even to a proverb, that "Necessity is the mother of invention." That merit cannot flourish, unless its progress be forwarded by the smiles of greatness, is an opinion oftener asserted than examined, and to which we are willing to yield the assent of feeling, who could not grant that of conviction. To procure an honourable and respectable subsistence, if not the most plausible and well sounding, is, perhaps, as efficient as any motive in

exciting exertion. Besides which, a man of talent has often much of that visionary enthusiasm that leads him to contemn the judgment of the present age, and depend for reward on the plaudits of posterity. Nor is this enthusiasm wholly visionary. It has long been considered as an undeniable truth, that merit will ultimately be rewarded. The man of real genius, therefore, stands independent and regardless of modes of government. He marches on his course with a firm and confident step, "though fallen on evil days, on evil days though fallen and full of wo," his recompense is not the less brilliant, because it is depicted by the magick colouring of Fancy, rather than the sombre pencil of truth, and the sentiment of the brotherhood of bards is well expressed by their aged member.

"When the widows,' and the children's tears
"Shall sprinkle the cold dust in which I sleep,
"Pompless and from a scornful world withdrawn;
"The laurel, which its malice rent shall shoot.
"So watered into life, and mantling throw
"Its verdant honours o'er my grassy tomb."

Cumberland's Calvary.

A. H.

For The Port Folio.

Arguments against fortification, and in favour of combustion.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The fortification and combustion of our seaports being themes that at present agitate the publick mind, allow me to offer to my fellow citizens, through the medium of The Port Folio, a few remarks, founded on an impartial examination of these opposite subjects. As to the more momentous of the two, I am disposed to believe that nothing can offer to the visual faculty a more grand and striking spectacle than the inflammable principle, when properly brought into action; nor is my opinion wholly at variance with the sentiments and practice of antiquity. The elder Pliny voluntarily approached the flames of Mount Vesuvius, that he might be able to describe, with accuracy, so splendid a phenomenon. I will not undertake to say, that Nero visited either Mount Ætna or Vesuvius; but he kindled a bonfire, or in other words, combined much of the hydrogen of his metropolis, with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and he was, we are told, considerably gratified, though the consumption of not more than two thirds of the city was the result of such combination. The flames of Troy are repeatedly flaring on the imagination of Virgil: he mentions them in several parts of his second Æneid, and to them he is indebted for the simile contained in the last six of the eight following verses:

Tum vero omne mihi visum considere in ignes
Ilium, et ex imo verti Neptunia Troja.
Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum,
Cum ferro accisam, crebrisque bipennibus instant
Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat:
Vulneribus donec paulatim evicta, supremum
Congemuit, traxitque jugis avulsa ruinam.

Æneidos lib. 2.

Homer holds the inflammable principle in such repute, that not content with human agony, he makes Achilles send Iris posting to the cave of Zephyrus, whose powers with that of the immortal Boreas, the many-coloured messenger solicits, and not in vain: they distend their cheeks, and blow into a blaze the pile on which twelve Trojan youths are offered to the manes of Patroclus. I will trouble you with but one more sentiment from antiquity: it is Cicero's in his fourth oration against Cataline: "videor mihi hanc urbem videre, lucem orbis terrarum atque arcem omnium gentium, subito uno incendio concidentem." So wrapped was he in the idea that he fell into this form of expression; a vision which has been universally admired. With all these authorities confirmatory of my opinion, I do not assume a magisterial tone, and say to my fellow-countrymen: set fire at once to *all* your cities—I propose the conflagration of Philadelphia only:

this will be a cheap experiment and enough, perhaps, to prove that the sublimity of the sight may justify a similar display of fire-works in other parts of America, whether lighted by our own hands, or the bombs of our friends.

As to fortification, where is there any reason for such a measure? what is there in the conduct of any foreign power that leads us to expect hostility? our flag attracts a thousand little attentions that can never be forgotten, and the cost of powder and ball is hardly considered when it is to be expended upon us. Our sea captains are not only rescued from the perils of the ocean, but very often released from the burden of both ship and cargo. Not long since a foreign naval officer wished to save Commodore Barron the trouble of mustering his own men, and though the Commodore thought proper to refuse the proffered service, the officer persisted, and may be said to have even killed several of the crew with kindness. Can it then be feared that a fleet of thirty or forty seventy-fours, ranged before any one of our defenceless sea-ports, will begin a bombardment, if a committee of citizens, duly authorized, wait upon the admiral, and assure him that after mature deliberation it is the will of a majority that the city be not reduced to ashes.—But can a majority (pardon the expression) be so mad? I do entreat my fellow-citizens seriously to peruse this paper, and especially that part of it which recommends conflagration. If they come into my ideas already suggested on the subject, the following will, in my opinion, be the most judicious mode of proceeding previously to, and on the day of combustion—this day, by the by, need not be deferred until the arrival of a foreign fleet: a bombardment would excite sublime sensations while it lasted, but the effect would be too transient; whereas, by properly husbanding the igneous fluid, Philadelphia might be made, I think, to emit fire and smoke for many days together. A timely and respectful motive must be sent to the mayor and corporations of New-York, Boston, Baltimore, and indeed of all our principal cities, advising them that to save a foreign fleet an unnecessary expense in setting fire to our houses, we have resolved to do it ourselves; and that they are invited, and requested to invite such of their fellow-citizens, as are in favour of combustion, to attend on the appointed day (naming the day) in the vicinity of Philadelphia. To this circular it would be well to annex a *nota bene* hinting that every family provide itself with a tent and baggage-waggon. To prevent confusion in the city itself, a committee of four may preside with unlimited powers over the progress of the fire, and lest the hose-companies interfere, let every individual of them be arrested the day prior to that of the grand spectacle, and during its continuance held bound hand and foot—unless it be deemed meet occasionally to toss one or two into the flames; this may amuse the spectators, by varying the scene. If the city be fired at once, at the four corners of the compass, and the wind happen to blow at the same moment from these four points, the gradual approximation and regular junction of the flames, must for so large a scale of fire-works yield an effect somewhat novel in pyrotechny. This, my fellow-citizens, will be an example which who can say will not be followed by the bodies corporate of our other cities?—certainly of New-York, where the good sense of the people has determined them to do nothing but talk about fortifications, the great obstacle to be apprehended in the way of combustion. Our cities consumed, what a lure will the country offer to the enterprize of foreign mechanicks? in what crowds will they arrive to assist us in rebuilding our edifices, and what employment will be found for our tailors in fitting every one as soon as he puts foot on shore, with a garb of our own fashion, that is a whole suit of clothes.

Yours respectfully.

SPEICOLA.

In the following beautiful passage in one of the visions in ADDISON's Spectator, the concluding clause is a striking proof that an

authour does not always know when to take his leave gracefully. The proper conclusion is at the verb *awaked.*

Whilst I was lamenting the sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished; in the room of the frightful spectres there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty with Monarchy at her right hand; the second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third, a person whom I had never seen, with the Genius of Great Britain; at the first entrance the lady revived; the bags swelled to their former bulk: the pile of faggots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and for my own part I was so transported with joy, that I awaked; *though I must confess, I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision if I could have done it.*

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(*Continued from page* 151.)

The kindnesses of a friend lie deep; and whether present or absent, as occasion serves, he is solicitous about our concerns.

PLUTARCH.

The term friendship has seldom been properly defined, much less understood; on the one side too much is expected, and on the other to little thought sufficient to constitute the title; the romantick mind finds it only in the ardent flights of his own imagination; and the more cool and splenetick measure it according to the narrow limits of their own contracted ideas of benevolence. Thus the virtue of friendship becomes degraded by the misapplication of the term; yet it is a plant indigenous to our climate, and, though rare, may be found in many places. It delights, however, most in retirement from the busy scenes of life, which check its growth; yet it is a hardy perennial, often survives the most chilling blasts of poverty, and stoutly keeps up its head amidst the tempest of adversity.

Among the best qualified to define from experience the nature and properties of friendship, was Harry Touchstone, whose varieties of fortune resembled a game at back gammon; though it must be allowed that he was rather a bad player; he was constantly neglectful of making points in his tables when he might, and was always leaving blots to the advantage of his adversary; yet Harry was a sensible fellow, and his remarks on life were shrewd and entertaining; but his experience was unhappily of service to every body but himself.

A few evenings since I had an opportunity of taking a lesson of life from this very able professor at a tavern, where I happened to dine with him in company with a circle of men, who, from the kind attentions they showed him, I presently conjectured to be some of his most valuable friends; on which circumstance I took care to congratulate him as soon as they had left the room; but Harry only shook his head at my observations, and, with a significant twist of the nose to the right side of the face, attended by a sarcastick movement of the buccinatory muscles, resembling something of a smile, whispered in my ear, "*Mere barometers, sir;* the weather-glasses of a man's fortune; you may tell how it is with me by examining one of these fellow's faces, without asking me a question. You observed how kindly they greeted me this evening, and that some of them even invited me to dine with them tomorrow. You might imagine, perhaps, that I stood high in their esteem; but these machines are not sensible of the merits or demerits of the man; it is his situation alone that they determine; it is the changes of your condition and the variations of your fortune, that they measure with exactness. You must know, the little gentleman that you noticed in the blue coat and ruffled shirt, who is an apothecary, happened to see Lord Gobblegruel take some notice of me today in Bond-street, and he told all the rest. To this *little* circumstance I am to give credit for seven low bows, fourteen shakes of the hand, twelve smiles

of affability, and three invitations to dinner. Yet had you but seen the difference last week! You must know I happened to borrow a guinea of the tall gentleman in black, whom you noticed reading the paper on my left hand; he is always talking of the value of a true friend, and of the pleasure of doing good; but then he has an ugly knack of telling all the world of the good that he does; the story of my necessity was soon spread; and when I entered the coffee room in the evening, I found the alteration in the weight of my personal consequence: some took little notice of me; others favoured me with a distant bow; and the most intimate answered my inquiries with the monosylliable *sir*, in lieu of "my dear fellow," or, "my dear Harry;" so that I presently found I had lost considerably more then a guinea's-worth of reputation. Thus the rain or sunshine of the hour, and the weight or lightness of the pocket, is admirably determined. It is astonishing how the quicksilver of friendship rises as the weight of consequence and importance increases; even the slightest circumstance, with mean minds, will cause it to mount; the influence of a new coat, a clean cravat, a handsome waistcoat or a gold watch, have an astonishing effect. "But," continued he, "I have made an arrangement of the different classes or description of friends, which I will show you; it is on this piece of paper and is as follows:

The timid friend,
The lukewarm friend,
The redhot friend,
The romantick friend,
The fickle friend,
Nobody's friend,
Anybody's friend, and
Everybody's friend.

Among the first class, is *Bill Sensitive*, whose natural disposition is good-natured; but poor Bill is under a perpetual alarm lest his benevolence should get him into a scrape: thus his life is a constant scene of uneasiness and dread; he shrinks back at every familiar salutation, and is in pain at every word you speak, lest you should ask him a favour; the words, "You will oblige me very much," put him immediately in a fever, and, "I come to ask your assistance," throws him into a perfect agony.

The Lukewarm Friend is a being of little value to any body; he will not go a step out of the way to serve you; and when you are in difficulty, all he says, is, "Indeed, I am very sorry to hear it; I wish that I could help you."

The Redhot Friend is not a jot more valuable than the last; he is all bluster, speaks continually of the pleasure of doing a generous action, and that for his part he can't deny any body a favour; but he usually cools before he comes to the point, and leaves you in the lurch when you had reason to expect every thing from his protestations.

The Romantick Friend is a pleasing companion in the hour of distress: but the consolation he offers is not true: it accords with our errours as it pities our sufferings; and instead of making us a sacrifice at the altars of Wisdom and Prudence, leads us into fresh absurdities and chimerical plans which the ways of the world will not acknowledge.

The Fickle Friend is a weak inconstant creature, who acts without any fixed principle; one time he is all warmth, and the next moment cool and reserved: he is at the same time contemptible and useless.

Nobody's Friend is that cool, torpid, and insensible being, whose avarice and meanness have choked the natural springs of benevolence, and contracted every idea within a narrow space, incapable of bestowing good on others, or happiness on himself.

Anybody's Friend is not much more valuable than the last, except that he acts from a totally different principle; for, indiscriminate in his views of benevolence, and careless of its effects, he serves the worthless, neglects the worthy, fosters the idle and forgets the good.

Everybody's Friend is the man who is at the same time benevolent and just, who measures his generosity by his ability, and never refuses to do a service to any one, but when it would do an injury to another.

I could not help smiling at the ingenuity of Harry's distinctions of friendship; but more serious reflections occurred on my return to my lodgings, when I endeavoured to form some rational idea of the value of true friendship, and what ought reasonably to be expected from its character.

The true friend appreciates the worth of the man he esteems from the measure and weight of his character and talents, without suffering prejudice, or the accidents of fortune, to throw any thing into the scale: if he rises, he is with him in affluence; if he falls, he owns him in distress; he rejoices with him in health, and consoles him in sickness; he abates not his regard with external circumstances of evil, nor increases it with the changes of prosperity; he has tried him in the standard of truth, finds him excellent, nor can the whole world make him alter his opinion.

Pecuniary assistance is probably one of the meanest offices of friendship; to put the man that you esteem in a way to exert his own talents and capabilities to advantage, is more extensive benevolence; and the obligation to him, though greater, is less burthensome.

Perhaps the noblest effort of friendship is, to acknowledge a man of worth, oppressed by adversity, and criminated by enemies. But this is the character of a very superiour mind, and is seldom found in the world. It was the cowardice of friendship that occasioned the Apostle Peter to deny his Lord in the hour of extremity, in the mean and selfish language, "I know not this man of whom ye speak."

The character of True Friendship is divine, and can only be found in its purity in the Deity himself, where no infirmities can interfere; and happy it is for man, that the best friend he can resort to in difficulty is the Being described in the emphatick language of the Scripture to be "without variableness or shadow of turning."

The following elegant inscription in the lapidary style is written by an Englishman, and intended to accompany a portrait of WILLIAM PITT, the guardian angel of Albion.

Behold the likeness of that man,
To whose incomparable wisdom and eloquence,
To whose unshaken firmness and resolution,
Magnanimity and perseverance,
It was chiefly owing that we are now in
Full possession of all the rights and
Privileges peculiarly attached to the name of Britons:
The likeness of that man,
By whose transcendent talents, as a Statesman and legislator,
Under the guidance of Divine Providence
It was ordained,
That while the revolutionary Demon
Of an usurped, a perjured, and a regicide empire,
Stalking like a giant, with garments rolled in blood,
Was treading and trampling whole nations down,
The beloved constitutions of
Great Britain and Ireland
Were united, consolidated, and preserved.
Reader! if haply thou aspirest
To be conspicuously good or great;
If, during thy intercourse with the world,
Thou hast often been misrepresented and traduced;
If thy best and worthiest actions
Have ever been ascribed to motives which thy soul abhors,
Let the subject on which thou art now contemplating
Sink deep into thy bosom,
For it affords an interesting and instructive lesson to thee.
If the noble and disinterested actions of such a man,
On whose private character the tongue of Slander was unable, justly, to utter a single reproach;
If his rare and splendid virtues;
If the honourable name,
The truly honourable name
of
WILLIAM PITT,
During whose arduous administration,
In times the most difficult and dangerous,
The Fleets of France, Spain, and Holland were nearly annihilated,
And the glories of the British navy carried to a pitch
Far, very far, surpassing that, which
Astonished the civilized nations of the world
In the days of his illustrious father;
If such a name could not escape detraction and disrespect,
From a certain class of his countrymen,
Canst thou or thine,
Weak mortal!
Expect to obtain their lasting applause;
Or to avoid the malignant shafts

Of Envy, Slander, and Calumny?
Vain thought!
But, like him, the majestick oak of the forest,
Thou mayst RISE SUPERIOUR to
The poisonous weeds and *venomous reptiles*
Which shed their baneful influence
And *creep for shelter*
Beneath his all-protecting shade.
Sic itur ad astra:
Such is the arduous task of him
Who aspires to be conspicuously Good or Great.
Viamque affectat Olympo:
And let him, who thus nobly presumes, remember
That in this age, in this boasted age of *Reason* and *Philosophy*,
The licentious tongues and the prostituted pens
Of wicked and ungrateful men
Have neither spared
The PRESERVER OF HIS COUNTRY
Nor even
THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD.

For The Port Folio.

REVIEW.

Admiralty Decisions, in the District Court of the United States for the Pennsylvania District; by the Hon. RICHARD PETERS, containing also some decisions in the same court by the late FRANCIS HOPKINSON, Esqr. To which are added cases determined in other districts of the United States: With an Appendix, containing the Laws of Oleron; the Laws of Wisbuy; the Laws of the Hanse Towns; the Marine Ordinances of Louis XIV; a Treatise on the Rights and Duties of Owners, Freighters, and Masters of Ships, and Mariners: and the Laws of the United States relative to Mariners: in two volumes octavo. Philadelphia, published by William P. Farrand. Robert Carr Printer, 1807; pp. 749.

The striking contrast between the profound secrecy which for ages involved the proceedings of Doctors Commons, and the publicity given to the proceedings of the Courts of Common Law in England, has often been the subject of remark and exultation among the votaries of Westminster-Hall. It is not necessary for us to decide whether this difference ought to be attributed to the timidity of those who were conversant in the Courts of Civil Law, and particularly in the Courts of Admiralty: or whether it may have proceeded, as Godolphin seems to suppose, "from the paucity of such as are more specially therein concerned, in respect of that numerous host or retinue that in fealty to the other jurisdictions are most prompt notaries on all occasions; or rather in that it is of that excellent use in all maritime dominions, that the friends thereof are well assured its worth would be better valued, if the want thereof were more smartly felt." The Courts of Admiralty in England were undoubtedly long regarded with great jealousy and suspicion by the friends of the Common Law Courts; and, when the auxiliaries, which the latter derived from the popular feelings and the spirit of the times, are considered, it will not be wondered at, that, in the various conflicts for jurisdiction, the Lord High Admiral should generally have found it necessary "to strike his flag," or to content himself in the *silent* possession of so much of jurisdiction as his opponents were willing to leave him undisputed. Probably prudence, rather than pride, may satisfactorily account why "of all jurisdictions that of the Admiralty or sea-affairs hath been (or rather was formerly) the least beholden to the *auxiliaries of the press.*"

In the opinions of many, however, to whatever cause the silence of the *Instance* Courts may be referred, there can be no difficulty in assigning a motive for keeping from the publick view the proceedings of the British *Prize* Courts. If indeed, as there is too much reason to believe from the manner in which they are constituted * and the character of many of their decrees, they have been more willing to listen to the notions of expediency entertained by the King's Council, and more obedient to their orders, than sedulous to inquire how the *jus gentium*,

---

* The Lords Commissioners of Appeal, who decide in the dernier resort, on all cases which arise in the English or colonial Prize Courts, are composed principally of the King's Council, and by the St. of 22 Geo. 2. c. 3. it is necessary that a majority of the Commissioners present should be actually Privy Counsellors to give their sentences validity!

the Law of Nations, applied to any particular case, it is not to be wondered at that they should have been willing to keep their decisions *on their own records*, or that it should be regarded, in the language of Godolphin, "as an indispensable duty which every man owes his native country to keep as much as may be, *sub incognito*, from strangers and foreigners abroad, what possibly may not be absolutely perfect, *quoad modum procedendi*, at home.—It is believed that the anonymous reporter of the case of the ship Columbus in 1790 (about 700 years after the clerical judicature was separated from the temporal by William the conqueror) was the first to tear asunder the veil which concealed the proceedings of the British Court of Admiralty from publick view. An example so honourable to the individual and beneficial to the community has been followed with great ability by Dr. Robinson, who, beginning his reports of cases argued and determined in the High Court of Admiralty with the judgments of the Right Honourable Sir William Scott, in 1798, has continued them down to the present time, and has not only fully vindicated so much of the British Admiralty jurisdiction as is exercised by Sir William, from every charge or suspicion of improper bias or ministerial dependence, but has erected a monument of his professional learning and talents "*ære perennius*."

In the United States, although neither of the causes above stated, can be for a moment believed to exist, the same mysterious silence has in almost the same degree been observed in relation to the decisions of our District Courts in Admiralty matters. Their jurisdiction being fixed and presented by the same constitution and law which limits that of other courts, and the Judges who preside in them holding seats also in the Courts of Common Law, a conflict about jurisdiction can hardly be expected to arise. There can be no motive of interest, nor of vanity to impel a District Judge *ampliare jurisdictionem*, or to trench upon that of others. And with respect to the influence of State or Executive Policy, we have had so little to do with Prize causes, at least since the adoption of our present Constitution, that supposing it possible for any one of our Judges, disregarding his official oath, to listen for a moment to Executive whispers or be inclined to humour "the ebbs and flows of Executive opinion," no opportunity has yet occurred for so shameful an abandonment of principle and virtue. Should it ever occur, we confidently assert, that the virtue and Constitutional Independence of our Judges would not permit them for a moment to hesitate as to the course they should pursue. And yet (why it is so, we are not able to say) while great pains have been taken to make the publick acquainted with the judgments of our Courts of Common Law, excepting a small volume containing some of the decisions of the late Judge Hopkinson, and the books now under review, we have not heard of a single attempt to report the decisions of any of the numerous Courts of Admiralty in the United States!

"To leave the laws *sub incognito*, or jurisdictions *sub incerto*," says Godolphin, quaintly, "are both of national ill consequence, subjecting the people either to transgression, through ignorance, or to unnecessary expense, by the multiplying of law-suits." The truth of this opinion was never more fully confirmed than it has been in this country, with respect to maritime matters. When it is considered, how multifarious are the duties of a lawyer in this country,* (where, generally speaking, all those distinctions are disregarded which are intended to divide professional labour and diminish the portion of each individual) and how much of maritime law rests merely on the authority of *judicial decisions*, and *commercial usage*, it would not be surprising if professional men were sometimes to err, as to points already settled. Sill less surprising is it that *Merchants* should often find themselves perplexed as to matters of al-

* In Pennsylvania, a lawyer must not only be Attorney and Counsellor in the various Common Law Courts, but an Advocate in Chancery, and a Proctor in the Orphans' Courts and Courts of Admiralty!

most daily occurrence. Questions on Salvage, and the various other matters of Admiralty cognizance, and those which arise on Mariners' Contracts particularly (a prolifick source of litigation and vexation to the Merchant) receive so little light from *books* generally found in the counting-house, that it cannot be expected that the Merchant should be able, always, correctly to resolve them. Hence, being without a guide, and trusting entirely to his own judgment of what is right and wrong (labouring too under that bias which the most correct minds suffer from, self-interest) he is ofen found suffering the mortification of a defeat, and *payment* of costs, in controversies wherein he has engaged with most confidence. If he will take the trouble of looking into these cases, he will at least discover what has *been decided* as to the most common questions, and on these, he will learn "to deal with his adversary quickly while he is in the way with him."

To the Professional man, and to the Merchant, it cannot be doubted, that the publication of these Decisions must be beneficial:—nor will it be less so in another and more general view: it will tend to produce a uniformity of decision in the various Admiralty Courts of the different Districts. It is much to be feared, that this uniformity does not now exist, and that what is law in New-Hampshire may not be law in Georgia. Indeed, how can it be otherwise, when the scales are so equally balanced, that unless precedent can be thrown into one, it is hard to say which ought to preponderate. It is true that in cases of importance as to amount, appeals are often made to the Circuit Courts, and sometimes eventually carried to the Supreme Court, whose decisions become the known and settled law, binding the inferiour jurisdictions: but in cases of small amount, involving common points, (and such most frequently vex and harass the man of business) uniformity of decision can only be expected from a free and publick communication of the decrees of the different Courts.

(*To be continued.*)

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! but do not stay.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN.

"I fear that you harbour vindictive intentions against the man who has injured you," said the physician.

"I know no other reason which you can have for your suspecting that I harbour such intentions," said the Portuguese, "but your thinking it impossible, after what you know of this man's behaviour, that it should be otherwise; could you be surprised if *it* were as you suspect."

"Nor shall I be surprised," rejoined the doctor; "if you are convicted and executed for gratifying your revenge in such an unjustifiable manner. This is the best argument that can be made use of to one who despises the Christian religion.

"I do not understand you! What do you mean?" said the Portuguese.

"Why that you are in that predicament," answered the physician.

"Who! I despise the Christian religion!" cried the Portuguese, in terrour and amazement. "Jesus Maria! you fill me with horrour! why! sir, I take the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, with St. Joseph her husband, St. James, and all the hosts of Heaven to witness, that I attend mass regularly, and have from my infancy believed in every article of faith which our holy mother church requires; and I am ready to believe twice as much whenever she is pleased to exact it; if this is not being a Christian, I should be glad to know what is."

"Nay, my good friend," resumed the physician, "it is matter of indifference to me what you do, or do not believe; but if you understood the *spirit* of the Christian religion half as well as you believe what the church

exacts, you will find that your attending mass regularly, confessing your sins sincerely, performing penance faithfully, not eating a morsel of meat on Friday, and with a most punctual perseverance repeating daily your Pater-Noster, Ave-Maria, and Credo to the last bead of the Rosary; that all your faith, in a word, into the bargain, will not make you a Christian, while you indulge such a violent spirit of revenge."

"As for that," replied the Portuguese, (and he spoke the true sentiments of his heart) "neither the church nor the Christian religion have any thing to do with it; that is my affair, and depends on my private feelings; and it is impossible for me ever to forget a villain who attempted to injure me."

"It is because he attempted to injure you, that it is in your power as a man, and your duty as a Christian to forgive him. Had he never injured you, nor even attempted it, it would indeed be impossible for you to have the merit of forgiving him."

The physician, founding his arguments on passages of a sermon to be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew, for this happened to be a physician who sometimes read the bible, endeavoured to give the Portuguese a different notion of these matters. At first he thought the passages in question of a very singular nature; and as they were plain and intelligible, containing nothing mysterious he could hardly believe that they were quite orthodox; yet on being informed who the person was, who had preached this sermon, he could not deny that it had a fair chance of being sound Christianity.

Dr. Moore.

—

SONG.

Of all Heaven gives to comfort man
  And cheer his drooping soul,
Show me a blessing, he who can,
  To top the flowing bowl:
When amorous Strephon, dying swain,
  Whose heart his Daphne stole,
Is jilted, to relieve his pain,
  He seeks the flowing bowl.

When husbands hear, in hopeless grief,
  The knell begin to toll,
They mourn awhile, then, for relief,
  They seek the flowing bowl.
The tar, while swelling waves deform
  Old ocean as they roll,
In spite of danger and the storm,
  Puts round the flowing bowl.

The miner, who his devious way
  Works like the purblind mole,
Still comfort for the loss of day
  Finds in the flowing bowl:
It gives to poets lyrick wit,
  To jesters to be droll:
Anacreon's self had never writ
  But for the flowing bowl.

Moisten your clay then, sons of earth,
  To Bacchus; in a shoal
Come on, ye volunteers of mirth,
  And, by the flowing bowl,
Become immortal, be ador'd,
  'Mong gods your names enrol—
Olympus be the festive board,
  Nectar the flowing bowl.

—

It was the gay season of the vintage. The country was crowded with peasantry of both sexes, and every age, all employed in gathering and carrying home the grapes. In all countries, this is the season of joy and festivity, and approaches nearest the exaggerated descriptions, which the ancient poets have given of rural happiness. Perhaps there is in reality not so much exaggeration in their description, as alteration in our manners. For if the peasants were allowed to enjoy the fruits of their own labour, would not their lives be more delightful than those of any other people. In spite of poverty and oppression, a happy enthusiasm, a charming madness, and perfect oblivion of care, are diffused all over France, during the vintage. Every village is enlivened with musick, dancing, and glee; and were it not for their tattered clothes and emaciated countenances, one who viewed them in the vintage season, would imagine the French peasants in a situation as enviable as that formerly enjoyed by the shepherds of Arcadia.

—

INVESTIGATION.

The characters of nature are legible, it is true; but they are not plain enough to enable those who run, to read them. We must make use of a

cautious, I had almost said timorous method of proceeding. We must not attempt to fly, when we can scarcely pretend to creep. In considering any complex matter, we ought to examine every distinct ingredient in the composition, one by one; and reduce every thing to the utmost simplicity; since the condition of our nature binds us to a strict law and very narrow limits. We ought afterwards to reexamine the principles by the effect of the composition, as well as the composition by that of the principles. We ought to compare our subject with things of a similar nature, and even with things of a contrary nature, for discoveries may be and often are made by the contrast, which would escape us on the single view. The greater number of the comparisons we make, the more general and the more certain our knowledge is like to prove, as built upon a more extensive and perfect induction.

If an inquiry thus carefully conducted, should fail at last of discovering the truth, it may answer an end perhaps as useful, in discovering to us the weakness of our own understanding. If it does not make us knowing, it may make us modest. If it does not preserve us from errour, it may, at least, from the spirit of errour; and may make us cautious of pronouncing with positiveness or with haste, when so much labour may end in so much uncertainty. *Burke.*

MERRIMENT.

Talking on the subject of a * metempsychosis, a silly young man once observed, he remembered having been the golden calf. "Very likely," replied a lady, "as you have lost nothing but the gilding."

—

Bautru being in Spain, paid a visit to the celebrated library of the Escurial, which happened at that time to be under the care of a very *ignorant* librarian. The king of Spain asked him many questions concerning his entertainment. "It is a most incomparable treat," replied he, "but your majesty ought to make your librarian prime lord of the Treasury, as he never appropriates any of the *riches* in his care to his own use."

—

Dorian, a celebrated wit, having lost a large gouty shoe, being much afflicted with that disorder, said, "The only harm I wish the thief is, that my shoe may fit him."

—

An officer of a disbanded regiment, applying to the paymaster of the forces for his arrears, told him he was in the most extreme want. The treasurer, seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him, that his countenance belied his complaint. "For heaven's sake my, lord," said the officer, "do not mistake; the visage you see is not mine, but my landlady's; for she has fed me on credit this twelvemonth."

—

Alexander, in the heat of his warlike operations, was reading some secret despatches, of much importance. Ephestion, one of his generals, came and looked over him. The king said not a word, but taking off his ring made the sign of an impression (as of a seal) on the lips of his favourite.

—

Gonsalvo of Cordova, general under Ferdinand V, king of Arragon, heard the powder magazine blow up with a dreadful explosion, on the first discharge of the enemy. "My sons," said this brave man to his soldiers, "victory will be ours; Heaven announces to us the glorious tidings, and tells us by his thunder, we shall have no farther occasion for our artillery."

—

Two friends who had not seen each other a long while, met one morning quite by chance. "How do you do?" said one. "Why not very well," replied the other, "I have been married since I saw you." "Well done, that is good news however." "Not so

* *Vide* System of Pythagoras.

very good, for my wife was a most woful scold."—"That was bad."—"Not so bad neither, she brought me two thousand pounds."—"That was consolation though."—"Not entirely, for I speculated in sheep, which all died of the rot."—"That was very unfortunate!"—"Not so *very* unfortunate, for I made as much by their skins as I should have done by their flesh."—"Then you were as lucky as if it had not happened."—"Not quite; for my house was one night burnt and every note of the money consumed."—"What a most woful misfortune"—"Not so woful as you may imagine, for my *wife* and my house were burnt together."

—

A Grecian and a Venetian had a dispute concerning the different learned men their respective countries could boast of. The Grecian to prove at once that his country had the preeminence, said, "all or most of the wise men had come out of Greece." "True," said the Venetian, "for we do not find any left."

—

A young man, who boasted having discovered the secret of making gold, claimed a reward from his sovereign. The monarch appeared to acquiesce very graciously to his demand, and the alchymist promised himself the highest honours: when he went, however, for his recompense, he had the mortification to receive only a large empty purse, with this consolation, "That since he knew how to make gold, he needed but a purse to keep it in."

—

A country gentleman being complimented on the appearance of his horses, and being told that they were in excellent plight, said "To be sure, how should it be otherwise? they eat such hay and oats that the king himself never ate better."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of a very advantageous correspondence with London, and from the very courteous and marked attention of two of the principal booksellers in Philadelphia, we are now in the habit of examining perhaps *sooner* than most of our countrymen, the most curious and valuable productions of the British Press. We have recently had access to several articles of interesting Biography equally new and beautiful. These fine sketches of distinguished men shall occasionally adorn The Port Folio. For we are entirely of opinion with a certain Caledonian critick, whose decision will be supported by a great majority of our polite readers, that by a series of such Biographical Sketches, interspersed with enlightened Criticism, Polite Literature may be most effectually studied, and most extensively disseminated among the reading classes of the community; the taste and intelligence of the nation may be gradually improved; our notions of excellence may be enlarged and corrected; and the objects of liberal emulation and the sources of innocent enjoyment may be multiplied among us to a very great extent. Biographical writings, if ably executed, ARE BETTER CALCULATED FOR THESE PURPOSES THAN ANY OTHER SORT OF PUBLICATION; because they are less laborious, more entertaining, and more miscellaneous than any thing else, and necessarily let us into the peculiar character of the age and the nation, as well as the merits of the authour in question. When we toil through a formal dissertation, or even a selection of celebrated passages, we feel that we have a *task* to perform, from which it would be often agreeable to escape, and in which but a few can ever be expected to engage. But Biography is amusing and easy. The knowledge which it communicates assimilates readily with our general literature and the judgments which it suggests being formed without effort, and in the course of a pleasant occupation, are likely to be more candid and natural.

Though we are supinely indifferent to the martial renown of our holiday *militia*, yet as none are more anxious than ourselves to witness a regular army establishment in America, every scheme that can promote the views of the *real* soldier, we are constantly of opinion, should always have the cordial support of every man of honour and spirit in the community. Any cavalier of this class, who possesses a periodical work entitled The Military Magazine, will much oblige the Editor, by sending it to his address, or indicating to him how it may be obtained. He is requested by a gallant Martinet to ask, in this manner, for a book, which, it is believed, is very scarce in America. For ourselves we prefer magazines *miscellaneous* to magazines martial; and, tranquil in the shade, think but little of exchanging the pen for the sword, or throwing off our morning gown for the sake of the sash and gorget. We like a recess in the library better than a general's station in the tented field, and listen with more attention to a sweet

song of Burns than to the drum and trumpet.

We are much gratified to perceive that in the Boston Gazette one of the leading papers of that Capitol, the eloquent essays of HAMILTON are copied, and thus honourably noticed by *an able* editor. "A series of political essays have been commenced in The Political Register of Philadelphia. They are written with great candour and ability, and embrace every fact and circumstance relative to the present controversy with Great Britain and to THE SUBSTANTIAL INTERESTS of this country.

The gentleman of Maryland whose signature is T. R. and who has indicated to our notice "an erudite classical scholar" among his clerical acquaintance is very respectfully thanked for his hint. From the clergyman in question we should be happy to receive a specimen of his essays as soon as possible.

Our readers will smile at SPEICOLA's scheme for singeing the ships of war which infest us. It has become a fashion, of late, to talk of burning, and blowing up every thing that swims. But we shall always be more conspicuous for blowing up *bladders* than Seventy-fours. The arts of burning and destroying are better understood by certain female philosophers than by all the engineers, and who can be better acquainted with the *Greek* fire than the whole tribe of *Cyprians*. We are of opinion, therefore, if Capt. Humphreys should have the audacity to appear in the harbour of New-York, that, with the sanction of the Corporation, the women of the town should have the whole direction of the dumb torpedoes.

Our classical correspondent ASMODEO will annoy the democratick foe shortly.

Many interesting articles are preparing for this paper. The department of Political Satire will soon be ample. Much Literary Intelligence will be regularly given, and both the FINE and the USEFUL ARTS partake of our regard.

We wish to obtain, from the *proper source*, a sketch of the Bridge over the Schuylkill, which so elegantly and so usefully connects our city with a romantick and thriving country, which feeds us with her stores of corn, and the cattle "from a thousand hills."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Address to lieutenant J. on his return from the Mediterranean, with a breast pin inclosing the hair of a deceased friend.

Fortune, unsullied Fame, and smiling Love
On *William's* brow a triple chaplet hung,
O'er Time's illumined arch their radiance flung,
While gentle hands domestick pleasures wove,
And many a pæan soft the muse had sung.

Remembrance sweet a wistful glance had cast
O'er Tripoli's dark walls and foaming sea;
Full oft the patriot bosom hailed thee free;—
And when the lingering captive hour was past,
Hope plumed her fluttering wing, and soared to thee.

But ah! when this sad record meets thine eye,
(Tho' gratulation throbs at thy return)
Sorrow's warm tear bedews the silent Urn;
Claims for thy sainted friend, a tender sigh
And o'er this *cherished relick* bids thee mourn.

E.

—

For The Port Folio.

ELEGY

On the death of Miss Sarah Ann Withers.

By Lucas George.

Cold in the tomb lamented Sarah lies,
As death;—how awful when such virtue dies?
In one sad day a sister's grave to see,
The next deprived the weeping world of thee!
A spotless fame, a feeling soul was thine,
And every grace that made thee seem divine.
With knowledge, morals, and religion blest,
Prone to relieve, as pity the distressed.
Ye slaves of fashion, pause a moment here,
And view this bright example with a tear.

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia.

PRINTED BY SMITH & MAXWELL, NO. 28, NORTH SECOND STREET.